



SONGS  
OF  
LIFE

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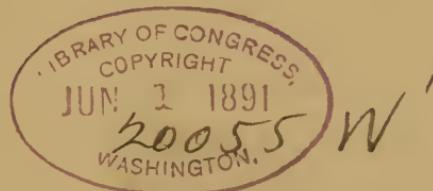




# SONGS OF LIFE

BY

FRANCIS EDWARD MARSTEN  
"



BOSTON  
D LOTHROP COMPANY  
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## PREFACE.

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THE poems in this little volume are mostly birds of passage that have appeared in different journals and periodicals, and their kind reception, together with the expressed desire of many readers, is the reason that they now live in more permanent form.

With the hope that their song may bring cheer and comfort to many hearts, I send them forth on their mission of love and good will.

FRANCIS E. MARSTEN.

COLUMBUS, O.



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## SONGS OF LIFE.

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### THE SONG OF SONGS.

ONE song there is. One, and no more.

In all the universe, in note

Now high, now low, from heavenly gate,

O'er earth remote, ye hear it pour

Its melodies from tireless throat,

Where spirit reigns in glorious state,

Or son of man in humble guise

Praise mingles with discordant sighs.

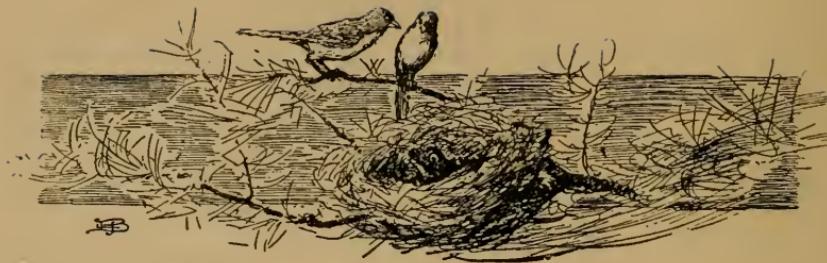
From shining star and earth-born gem,  
From cloistered, leafy forest aisles,  
Where opening flowers in perfume toll  
The passing hour from nodding stem,  
And joyous bird of song beguiles  
The denizen of town his soul  
To rest, and stretch in quietness,  
Apart from carking care's distress ;

In all the deep, complex design,  
Where law and order hold their sway,  
And move to beauty or to use,  
As the creative Powers divine,  
Thro' natural processes, portray  
God's thought, that veiled in music sues  
For recognition : this One Song  
Rolls on in diapason strong.

All else must cease ; for all besides  
Is only discord, passing soon,  
As sails a cloud by changeless sun,  
And melts, dissolves, in ether hides,  
Yet shines undimmed the sun at noon.

One song its warp and woof has spun,  
Gliding through every element,  
The more it gives, the more unspent. ~

All others meet, and merge and rest  
In this, the Song of Songs, that charms  
With cadence sweet in light or dark :  
Most rich the soul that hears it best  
Sound on thro' Earth's long, loud alarms  
The benedictions still, that mark  
It sent from heavenly throne above,  
The only Song — the Song of Love.



## THE ABIDING.

“Now abideth faith, hope and love.”

THE kings of old and empires great  
Whose splendors vast outshone the sun,  
Have lost the glory of their state,  
Crumbled to dust they lie undone :  
The tongues they spoke, their views of art,  
The knowledge deemed of consequence,  
The Magi’s lore, the scholar’s sense  
Have vanished all from learning’s mart.

Philosophy once deemed supreme,  
Whose sceptre waved infallible,  
Has faded as a gorgeous dream,  
And lost the glory of its spell ;  
Plato and Neo-platonism  
Have vanished in time's onward flight,  
That tramples out all save the light  
Of Life's eternal, changeless prism.

Great Dante's lore so limpid, brave,  
Focus of science, learning vast,  
Music and poetry, sweet or grave,  
His age from wisdom's mines amassed,  
Speaks now a knowledge done away ;  
And cumbrous is the scholar's line,  
That once the critic judged divine  
Faded from each its colors gay.

Astrology gives no relief  
To him who now would read the stars,  
And Alchemy has brought to grief  
The seeker for her golden bars :  
Astronomy is on the throne,  
And Chemistry holds now the key  
That fits in lock of mystery  
Long forged by Nature's subtle gnome.

The age when Paulus' flaming pen  
Declared the vision of a soul,  
Aflame with love and zeal for men,  
Could naught of prophecy encroll  
That dared reveal the horoscope  
Of all that power divine has lent  
This Century's glowing firmament,  
To gild for man the flight of hope.

The sweep of wisest seer grew dim,  
And failed the book of years to read,  
Where passion for the race would limn  
    The sage's thought, the hero's deed,  
As plans of God incarnate sigh  
    For the fulfillment vast, that finds  
    Expression in the nobler minds,  
That see through love's benignant eye.

The learning of that elder man  
Is hidden deep in tomes whose dust  
Is brushed by antiquarian,  
    Or buried lies where moth and rust  
Consume its treasures ; for unsought,  
    Its wares no more are heralded,  
    Where mind is coined for body's bread,  
And blood of brain for gold is bought.

But faith and hope and love abide :  
Faith through the mists of time can see  
The golden gates that open wide  
On visions of eternity,  
Where saints with folded feet and wings,  
That moveless gleam with fleckless white,  
Reflect the incandescent light  
From burnished throne, as Seraph sings.

We ken not where those Islands lift  
Their turrets blest and mansions fair,  
The home of saints ; but none may drift  
Beyond the love and constant care  
Of Him whose hand the sparrow keeps,  
Whose sceptre rules the infinite,  
Yet holds the feeblest by His might,  
And counts each tear that mortal weeps.

All else may fall by scourge of Time,  
And crumble 'neath the mould of years,  
The twinkling feet no longer climb,  
Joys dissipate in floods of tears ;  
The rosy cheek grow wan and thin ;  
Earth's aspirations melt and die,  
Beauty serene in ashes lie,  
And innocence be lost through sin.

Each spectacle of grandeur's mood  
Dissolves as dew from morning rose ;  
Decay o'ertakes refined and crude ;  
As honor comes, it swiftly goes ;  
Fame's path is but an Alpine way,  
Where daring traveler, dazed and lost —  
Environed by the eternal frost —  
Becomes the avalanche's prey.

But faith and hope and love abide.

No cable weak at anchorage  
Shall snap in twain, where gently ride—  
How great soe'er the tempest's rage—  
These guardians fair of human weal ;  
By cradle bright, or coffin dark,  
'Mid canon gloom or sunlit park,  
That radiance of God reveal.

Faith, hope and love, the gift of God,  
Came down earth's pilgrimage to cheer :

No soul so bowed by chastening rod,

But comfort feels when these appear.  
To Christ, who hung on Calvary's tree,

They ministered in awful hour,  
And crowned by Him with quenchless power,  
Their mission yet, the world shall free.

“Lift up thine eye,” cries Faith, “and look!

Lo! o'er the hills comes victory!

Thy Lord his own ne'er yet forsook—

Upon the cross he hung for thee.”

And Hope chants on her endless song,

By Faith upheld beyond despair,

And Love, the queenliest vision there,

Smiles back to Faith, divinely strong.

The youth and maid shall joyous wed,

The stars look down on upturned face,

Where after battle sleep the dead;

Sweet flowers obliterate ruin's trace:

While change must work; be humbled pride;

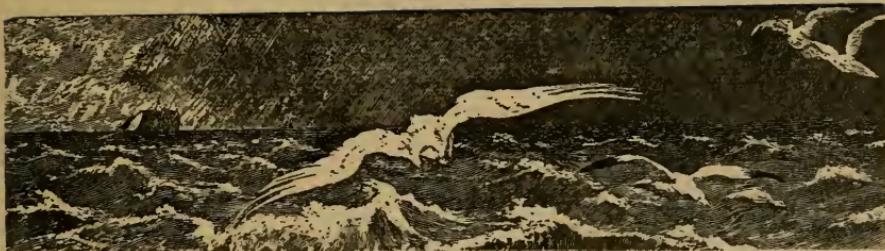
To darkest hour is borne the light,

By angel forms in stoles of white,

For Faith, Hope, Love, on earth abide.

Faith, Hope and Love ! Tho' vanisheth  
From mortal view all help beside,  
And man be stripped of earthly wealth,  
If these within his heart abide—  
Companions sweet, or day or night—  
The palsy of the pessimist,  
Where fell Despair the cheek has kissed,  
Shall never crown a starless night.





### ON THE SEA.

STANDING upon Katama's sands  
I watch a bark on distant wave ;  
A pilot tried her helm commands,  
As on she speeds — obedient, brave ;  
Her sails like wings in sunlight flash,  
Anon, obscured by cloud she sweeps  
Where leaden waters foam and dash —  
Yet purpose firm, that helmsman keeps.

But little recks that pilot true  
Of him who stands upon the shore,  
Or how his bark appears to view  
In sunlight or in shadow more :  
Intent for point remote he steers,  
To make the welcome anchorage :  
By this absorbed he tacks and veers,  
Nor other asks his course to guage.

So when upon the sea of life,  
One struggles fierce with wind and wave,  
Seeks well to do in Battle's strife,  
Make port — and soul and cargo save.  
He thinks not as the billows o'er  
Flies fast his craft, now dim now bright,  
How he may look to those on shore,  
But steers to make the harbor light.



## AWAKE THE SEED.

“Go wake the seed of good asleep throughout the world.”

— BROWNING.

THERE's a voice that now speaks  
To the spirit that seeks,  
    To reach better things,  
On life's tireless wings :  
Now awake ! and arise !  
For our God never dies.

Of the violet fair,  
Or of lark in the air,  
His life is the spring —  
Of all things that sing,  
And of seed in the fields,  
That the wide harvest yields.

So the seed of all good,  
For the soul of man food,  
But wake from its sleep  
Its fruitage will keep  
A brave heart in the race,  
And bring harvest of grace.

Go wake but the seed,  
And no more will you need

Lament for the woe  
That shrouds all below ;  
For the good shall prevail,  
And its sceptre ne'er fail :

For 'neath light of the sun,  
The whole world will dwell *one* ;  
And man's brotherhood  
Through sway of all good,  
Shall assure perfect peace,  
That will never more cease.



### GERALDINE.

THE summer day comes warm and glad,  
The roses bloom, the green boughs wave;  
Yet silent is the house and sad,  
For fresh the flowers on yonder grave.  
A light has passed from earth away  
To brighten the eternal day.

Since from its home the soul hath fled,  
Because the Body triumph gives,  
We say, that Geraldine is dead ;  
And yet, she is not dead, but lives.  
Immortal, the child spirit lies  
Within the gates of Paradise.

The Hand Supreme, that guides the world,  
All gently led her down to earth,  
And ere the budding soul unfurled  
Gave her a new diviner birth.  
And though she is on earth unseen,  
In land of flowers dwells Geraldine.

From here below in clime so cold,  
Where bud and leaf on stem were chilled  
Translated to the streets of gold,

'Mid gardens with all fragrance filled,  
Where smiles the Christ, both hers and mine,  
Love-circled blooms my Geraldine.

O, Baby sweet. Child spirit rare,  
The Shepherd's arms have bent to take  
Gifts, lent to home and mother care,  
Which in our lives the sweetness wake.  
That echo is of angel songs,  
For whose soft note the mortal longs.

Mother with thee her spirit dwells,  
In silent hours her voice will cry,  
A melody whose cadence wells  
From springs unseen by the Day's eye:  
And thine, indeed, is Geraldine,  
Whom no rude power shall from thee wean.

To know her was to catch a gleam  
Of angel form ; and rhythm hear  
That sweeps from harps of gold that beam  
Within the photosphere so clear ;  
Where vibrant gate and jewelled wall  
Resound to Seraph's liquid call.

She came to be an ornament,  
To grace this dull, sequestered earth,  
By hand of Love supernal sent,  
To whisper of that kingdom's birth,  
That not with observation comes,  
To raise its throne in love-kept homes.

She lifted us toward Heaven divine ;  
And watching her we seemed to brood  
On themes that make the human shine,

And nourish it with angel's food ;  
For down she came from Heavenly gate,  
And there for us she now doth wait.

A marvel she in form and face,  
Too frail that temple fair to hold  
The beauteous soul's transfigured grace ;  
Her visit brief, her message told :  
So tired of pain, her spirit broke  
The cords of earth — with God awoke.

By mystery of life oppressed,  
“ Sense knoweth sense, but soul the soul,”  
Experience hath oft confessed,  
As freed from sin we mount the goal  
Where burns the spirit pure and clear,  
And love cast out all taint of fear :

Then from above we realize

The Christ comes down His own to seek  
And matter lifts its thin disguise  
That soul of man to God may speak :  
So comes unto life's inner shrine  
The radiant form of Geraldine.

She lives in sphere serene and clear,

Untouched by time, decay, or sin,  
A Spirit star, that comes to cheer  
The heart still held earth's prison in.  
And evermore, or night or day,  
Her Spirit woos from time away.

As shine through ling'ring clouds of white

The mid-day sun's transfiguring rays ;  
So bursts the One eternal Light

On Sorrow's mist of cheerless days.  
And in this hallowed glory mild  
The Love of Christ lifts up our child.

"Of such my kingdom is," He says,  
Whose sceptre's love, Whose throne is truth ;  
Like the child spirit's gentle ways  
Must be the life of age or youth,  
That shall a place in Heaven gain,  
Fleckless of cloud, or wrong, or stain.

She is not dead ; nor call her so ;  
She lives, where the good Shepherd's care,  
As gleams the world with after-glow,  
When vanish storms in evening air,  
Shall brighten with love's holy light  
That land that knows not pain nor blight.

And still she comes with us to 'bide,  
Sings to our hearts her baby song,  
And nothing can her spirit hide  
Except the clouds of sin and wrong.  
And ever near, to sense unseen,  
She lives our wondrous Geraldine.





## KNOWN AND UNKNOWN.

THE vast circumference of shadows dim  
Its mantle wider spreads, as bright flambeaux  
Their scintillations fling around Night's rim,  
And cheek by jowl the light and darkness show.

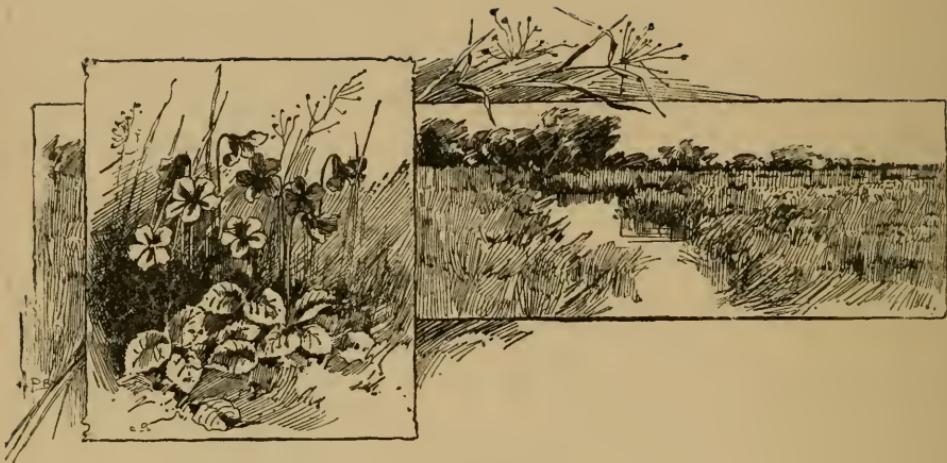
So Science's fires, on hill of knowledge high,  
The circumambient umber gild apace:  
And yet, the Known but higher lifts the sky,  
Whose vault of mystery we may not trace.

## LIFE'S MAZE.

LIFE's maze and film bewilder and defeat,  
The branches in my path are thick with thorn ;  
Cold is the snow and ice to naked feet,  
And lost in gloom the promise of the morn.

The world before me swims, and purpose lost,  
I sink bewildered on the zig-zag way ;  
Heart-sick by spectres Doubt and Trouble crossed,  
I, trembling with Despair, can only pray.

I hear a voice that calls me in the night,  
“Come, follow me.” Hush doubt’s afflictive  
strife ;  
Forgetting self, the earth’s uncertain Light  
I closer press to reach the *Life* of *Life*.



## HUMILITY.

"Be clothed with humility." — JAMES.

WHEN tempted by the voice of pride,  
To view the world thro' blind conceit,  
I hasten to the Master's side,  
With reverence take a lowly seat.

He clothes me with humility;  
Absorbed in His great mind and heart,  
Immersed as in a boundless sea,  
I only live of Him a part.

No more vain self and passion thrill ;  
The chisel I, while His the hand ;  
He shapes me to His every will,  
Whose wish is as supreme command.

No life have I from Him aside,  
Conferred is every breath I draw ;  
He fashioned me His time to 'bide,  
And live obedient to His law.

So in His presence, then, I dwell,  
But to reflect his ampler light ;  
While in my fellowmen I well  
Discern the rays from sun so bright.

Frustrate, indeed, the empty boast,  
Of power to see, or power to do ;  
Who little has, or who the most,  
Shows but his Spirit working thro'.

O, baffled prayer ! O, will to do !  
Both prayer and act, with God are one :  
Who waits with Him shall never rue  
The absence of the Lord's " Well done."





### 'TIS A CHANGING WORLD!

Is there aught in the world appears the same  
As it looked but yesterday?  
Either honey of praise, or gall of blame?  
Or smiles like blossoms in May?

The world goes up and the world goes down,  
And the sun comes after rain;  
And yesterday's laugh, or its curse and frown  
Will return to us never again.

'Tis a changing world, and changing we,  
As the clouds of a summer sky,  
The bark of our life is launched at sea,  
Where the waves run low or high.

Then why do we fret or groan so loud  
O'er the evils passing soon ?  
If we sail to-night beneath the cloud  
To-morrow we'll have the moon.

Or why lament for the lack of bread  
Or the unprovided wish ?  
For the harvest comes with its merry tread  
And plenty's o'erflowing dish.

The world goes up, and the world goes down,  
And why do we weep to-day ?  
For yesterday's beggar rides to town  
Dame Fortune's favorite gay.

Make the best of to-day with heart and hand  
And the worst will soon be o'er;  
And to-morrow we'll find a better land  
Far beyond this restless shore.

Then cheer up the heart with hope and song,  
And bid love and faith remain;  
The trouble of life will not be long  
And gladness will follow pain.

For One there is who is ever the same,  
His voice has a note of cheer,  
While His eyes look down with love, not blame,  
Alike on cradle and bier.

For God is God, and He changes not  
In pity and care divine,  
And His tender help comes to every lot,  
My friend, be it yours or mine.



## MY LIFE.

“For what is your life?” — JAMES.

My life is like the evening cloud  
That gleams with glory in the west ;  
But evanescent are its charms,  
By grim approaching night oppressed.

My life is like the absorbing tale  
Told by the firelight’s fitful glow,  
Chased from the mind by other sounds  
That in concurrent measures flow.

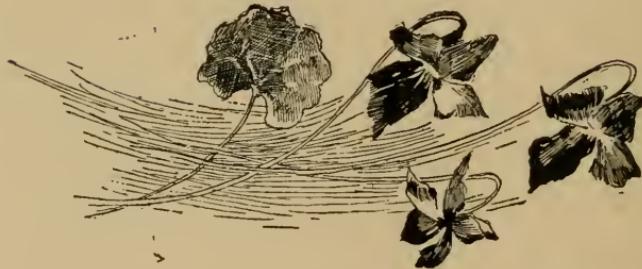
My life is like the perfumed rose,  
A jewel set on living stem ;  
The morning sees it blushing fair  
At eve it droops, a faded gem.

My life is like the vapor dull  
That hangs above a wintry sea ;  
A puff of air, a radiant sun —  
The azure deep of mist is free.

My life is like a wingéd sail  
That passes swiftly down the bay ;  
With graceful swell it takes the breeze  
But soon 'tis lost on ocean gray.

My life is like the lightning flash  
That startles with electric dart ;  
But vanisheth ere eye can tell  
The course on which it seemed to start.

Such little thing this life of earth,  
So soon its star in night must set,  
May faith and hope and love within  
Its every word and deed be met.





## THE MISSION.

[Written at Santa Barbara.]

THERE is o'er earth, and sea and sky a splendor,  
To dull New England eye,  
Elusive, in its wealth of color, blending  
The distant with the nigh.

The mission domes, the cloisters quaint in setting,  
This stillness so unbroken,  
Have subtile power to lift above aught worldly,  
Of peace a perfect token.

Far in the past I see the Mission Indians  
Gather sedate and slow ;  
The priests, with Book and censor tall, low chant-  
ing,  
Pacing in stoles of snow ;

The vineyards bloom, and fields are smiling,  
Beneath this wondrous sky ;  
Where dusky children of the woods are toiling,  
To all but love so shy.

As night eclipses day, the angelus  
To prayer ceases its call,  
While with its lustrous light th' moon suffuseth  
Sea, vale and crumbling wall.

And o'er my spirit comes subdued and tender,  
From far off time, the thought,  
Of how the heart of holy Jesuit Father  
Love's transformation wrought.

## OLD AND NEW.

THE old year is dead, and his embers are cold,  
He fell on the hearth and lies wrinkled and old :  
Yet his voice without words seems to burn in my  
heart,  
A rebuke for the help that he lacked on my part.

“Oh, where is the promise you made to my youth,  
Your pledge of loyalty, fervor and truth ?  
For now—the old year—I lie wrinkled and dead,  
Each hope fair, heroic, forever has fled.”

When the old year was young I gave him my word,

While he sang in my ear, blithe as song of a bird,  
That I'd help him to sculpture each day with a deed

That would fit in the niche of humanity's need.

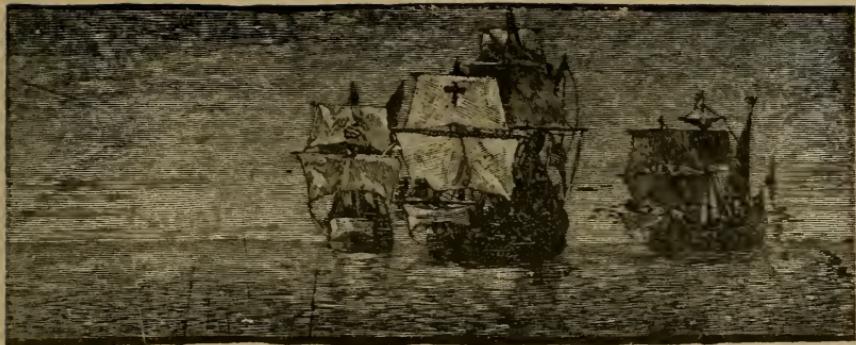
And carve him a name, that immortal would shine,  
In the Book that is writ by the finger Divine.

Alas ! dear old Year, I am worthy of blame  
For *sins* that have tarnished thine excellent name ;

And with humble confession for wrong that is done,

By the Spirit enkindled, may new life be begun ;  
While forever is quenched the bright light of the past

May this New Year, O Father ! improve on the last.



## DEO GRATIAS!

THE good ship speeds upon its way,  
Thro' misty gulfs so desolate,  
Where not a star the woes allay  
Of those who drift to hapless fate.

Upon the bridge the Master stands,  
He feels a shadow from the sea  
Benumb his heart and chill his hands,  
Presentiment of ill to be.

The wild Atlantic surges high ;  
What awful shape, so undefined,  
Seems in yon shadow drear to lie ?  
By spirit sense, not sight, outlined.

Cold, passionless as Death itself,  
Its arms will clasp that stately ship  
What mortal power can give relief,  
Or save from its unfeeling grip ?

Portentious, silent, grim and dark,  
The Iceberg waits to craunch and smite ;  
Each plank and beam within that bark  
T' annihilate with savage might.

On drives the ship unto its doom,  
As drifts a leaf on autumn blast,  
When, suddenly lift fog and gloom,  
And golden lamps light ocean vast.

Ahead that monster grim and cold  
Looms up in rugged grandeur high ;  
The Master gives command so bold —  
    The good ship veers — it passeth by.

But barely shuns that citadel,  
Obedient to the trusty helm ;  
Then, lo ! the shout that, “ *All is well !* ”  
    The ship rides now in safer realm.

So oft in life’s uncertain voyage,  
When on some unknown sea we ride,  
And tempests wild around us rage,  
    The stars shine out upon our side.

In hours of darkness, woe and grief,  
God’s angels with their pinions sweep  
The mists away, and bring relief,  
    And child of God in safety keep.

## TWO SHORT YEARS SINCE.

Two short years since, at altar twain  
Pronounced the words that made them one,  
Soft music filled the sacred fane,  
And wedded life for two begun.

Her loves, like tendrils of the vine,  
That clasp the giant oak so tall,  
Round ideal virtues cling and twine—  
A dream of joy without a pall.

Far o'er the sea from sunlit land  
There glides to earth a tiny skiff,  
That anchored on the household strand  
Nestles below protecting cliff.

But as it came in flush of dawn  
It silent glides at eventide,  
As speeds away the timid fawn,  
Trembling within the copse to hide.





### THE PEACE OF GOD.

THE man whose heart on God is stayed  
Is kept in perfect peace ;  
At threshold of his inner life  
All worldly storm must cease.

The mind of Christ is his who comes  
To Him for promised rest :  
Within the circle of His thought  
He stands an honored guest.

No more the armies of the prince  
Of earth for him deploy,  
Or marshal to o'erwhelm his peace,  
Or rob him of his joy.

In summer's heat, or winter's cold,  
His head is pillow'd low  
On Him whose radiance in the soul  
Makes life with beauty glow.

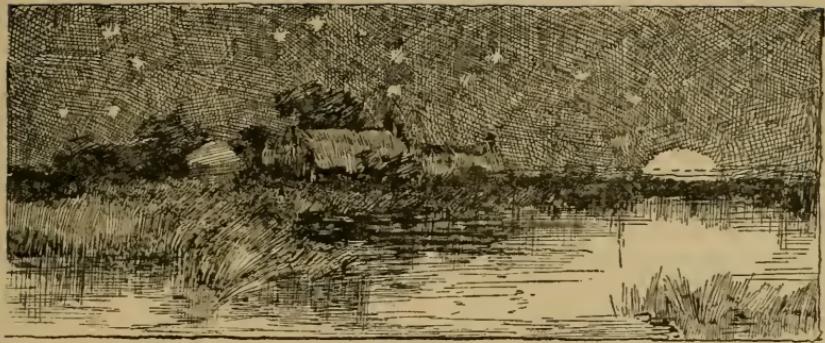
He walks unharmed amid the clash  
Of elemental war ;  
As one his course on ocean keeps,  
Guided by distant star.

No more he struggles to keep back  
The rising tide of wrong ;  
But fed by spring invisible,  
He moves serenely strong.

## AFTER FIFTY YEARS.

TO REV. DR. J. C. M.

'NEATH zenith of a matchless century,  
The summit reached of golden-wedding day,  
Hand clasped in hand, ye take a fresh survey  
Backward, forward ; splendid reality  
Lines crag and vale ; adown this height ye see  
Humanity, upbuildest on the stone that lay  
In Zion's corner chief, undimmed nor gray,  
More fair, as dips each cycle in Time's sea.  
Grand is the age ; sublime to wield a power  
For Christ and man in home and church and  
state.  
Life's evening come, its ardent battle o'er,  
The past well done, in love and faith ye wait.  
'Mid sunset gleams life slopes to distant shore,  
Where crowns abide within yon city's gate.



### THE IDEAL—REAL.

I WATCH the starlit Ideal high,  
The Father's thought for sense-bound man ;  
Then turn to see the Real that's nigh,  
But wrecks of destiny I scan.

How great and good, beyond all meed,  
The days of Him who never knew  
A discord 'twixt the wish and deed,  
But wove life's gold to pattern true.

I dream of what my days may do,  
The Christly task, the hero's deed :  
How strong the tares whose growth I rue,  
That spring and choke the goodly seed.

I view the vision of the way,  
The upward path that seeks those stars ;  
Then linger idly day by day,  
Where faith is weak, and conflict mars.

All conscious of the best, I thrill  
'Neath mental scope of pure intent ;  
But feel the impotence of will  
As passion, lost in wish, is spent.

Give me the power, O God, to act  
With resolution firm and free,  
The Ideal make a living fact,  
By losing self in it and Thee.



## CHRISTMAS CHIMES.

WHY do the bells in belfry chime?  
E'en nature lists to mortal song,  
As everywhere all voices strong  
Proclaim that now hath come the time.  
When sounds the welcome Christmas chime,  
'Neath starry night with echo long  
The glad, the world-wide Christmas chime—  
The ever welcome Christmas chime.

What says the welcome Christmas chime?

Its pictured crystal notes now tell,

As on keen air they sink and swell,

The tale of that first Christmas time

When angel harpers sang sublime;

And peace and love came down to dwell

Wherever rings the Christmas chime —

The ever welcome Christmas chime.

Still peals the merry Christmas chime,

That tells of Him — the Prince of peace,

Of golden reign no more to cease.

From manger mean a Babe shall climb,

And with love's scepter rule sublime,

The zenith of whose fame's increase

Rings out the world-wide Christmas chime —

The ever welcome Christmas chime.

As rings the welcome Christmas chime,  
We see a vision high of Him,  
Whom the succeeding cycles limn,  
Fairer than meadows sweet with thyme,  
Od'rous with love and truth sublime ;  
While peals a fresh adoring hymn,  
From golden throat of Christmas chime—  
The ever welcome Christmas chime.

Oh, sweetly ring, ye Christmas chimes !  
Ye welcome Christmas chimes ring in  
The deeds of love : ring out the sin  
That mars earth's unity and limes  
The hope of man for holier times,  
When love and peace the day shall win,  
Wherever ring the Christmas chimes—  
The welcome, world-wide Christmas chimes.

## THE STARS AND THE BELLS.

WHY is joy in the sky? Why are stars laughing  
low

As they kiss with their sheen the winter-chilled  
earth?

Why in all the great world burneth Love's divine  
glow,

That with holiest charm cheers the home and the  
hearth?

What is it that now speeds through the silence of  
night,

As with gleam from the flight of an angel's wing?

And why chime silver bells with the keenest  
delight,

While the voices of children dear carolling ring?

There's a thought in the mind that's a song on  
the lips,  
And the stars twinkle soft to a marvelous rhyme,  
And the music I hear hath a note that outstrips  
Any madrigal born of a mortal's dull time.  
Tho' there's strife, and hot passion, and feverish  
hate,  
And both Chaos and vindictive Wrong, newly  
dressed,  
In the garden of toil, or the staid hall of state,  
Their grim gauntlet on Law and Order have  
pressed ;  
Above dynamite bomb with its wide belching  
throat,  
And the clamors of greed, and fell murmurs that  
swell ;  
Bend the ear now and list to the sweet mellow note  
That the joy-bells ring out, "Christ has come.  
It is well."

It is Jesus who stands at the threshold of life,  
Where the cross its love message o'er earth has  
unfurled.

At His voice there is silence for battle and strife,  
And His peace lights the lamps of a holier world.  
For His sake, who was born far across the wide  
sea,

In that Bethlehem hamlet in dear Palestine,  
Let the stars and the bells blend in infinite glee.  
Strike the harp, voice the carol, and twine ever-  
green.

## A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

PEACE brooded over vale and hill  
'Neath starry night ; it was God's will ;  
And earth and man in awe of Thee  
Lay hushed, as when blue Galilee  
In silent wonder hears the wail  
Of an unwonted mountain gale.

He came, and in a manger lay  
The mightiest soul e'er shrined in clay ;  
Then glory filled both heaven and earth,  
Telling the story of His birth ;  
The shepherds looked, an angel saw ;  
Then hosts angelic 'round them draw,  
Whose harps of gold and carols sweet  
Those wondering shepherds gladly greet.



“Then hosts angelic 'round them draw.”

It came upon the midnight old,  
When story of His birth was told  
To humble men devout and kind,  
Of loving heart and trusting mind.  
Noonday was ne'er so bright as then,  
Never such night was seen by men ;  
More lustrous than the fairest gem  
Appeared the star of Bethlehem.

Again the heavenly guest is here ;  
He comes to bring sweet Christmas cheer.  
In lowly hearts He finds a place,  
The life with His best gifts to grace.  
Again to Bethlehem we go,  
And see the shepherds kneeling low,  
And to their gold and precious store  
We add our homage, and adore.

The blessed advent-time of year  
Brings Him afresh who's ever dear.  
He comes in radiant youthful bloom,  
His garments rich with sweet perfume ;  
Love's rarest gifts are in His hands,  
Whose power the universe commands.  
He comes to give His love — Himself —  
A boon outshining earthly pelf.

Oh, ye oppressed with carking care,  
Whose lives no inner sweetness wear,  
But plod along the earthly way  
Devoid of joy or night or day,  
Where toiling late, and early, too,  
Man's life appears an empty show —  
The heavenly guest has come your way,  
Open the door this Christmas day.



“Love’s rarest gifts are in His hand.”

Oh, ye who know life's baffled will,  
The craving naught below can fill,  
Who bend to hear the monotone  
Of a lost world's incessant groan —  
Lift up the eye and catch the strain  
That floats out on the world again ;  
He brings Himself the tidings glad,  
Says, " Peace, be still, oh, hearts so sad."

The heavenly guest is at the door,  
He knocks for entrance there once more ;  
He's passing by — oh, lift the latch,  
And ere He goes a blessing catch.  
But touch His garment's dewy hem,  
Thy brow shall wear His diadem ;  
When at His touch slides stone to stone,  
A temple vast thy soul has grown.

## EASTER.

God, when he overturneth this decrepid room of our flesh,  
calleth out the soul for a little while and lodgeth it with himself,  
and repaireth the imperfections of our body against the resurrection.—*Chrysostom.*

CHRYSOSTOM, the golden-tongued preacher,  
E'en yet to this age a wise teacher,  
Contemplates the Lord's resurrection,  
    'Mid fragrance of lilies and roses,  
Unruffled by thought of defection,  
    Where proof in his own he reposes ;  
The bloom of that far-away Easter  
Still freshens the dawn of to-day,  
And brightens the penitent's way.

This day to my heart is a Mizpah,  
Whose beacon light flameth afar,  
Where atrophy spreads its disaster,  
Impairing the strength of the soul ;  
Now, as sea-gull but flyeth the faster  
When tempests wild over it roll,  
So, strong with the wine of fair Beulah,  
Above the foul smutch of the clod  
The spirit communes with its God.

But yest'r e'en I sat with the dying,  
As cohorts celestial were flying,  
To bear a sweet spirit away.  
I felt an apocalypse splendor  
When angels stooped down to convey  
The soul in a blaze of new wonder  
From earth's night of sorrow and sighing ;  
Enraptured, I gazed at the grace  
That shone on her transfigured face.

Somehow 'twas a vision of heart's ease  
That filled with its perfect appease  
All spiritual yearnings innate;

A melody strange smote the ear,  
Then view of an ecstatic state  
That charmed every tremulous fear,  
As when a lone traveler sees  
His home lying clear in the sun --  
The goal of his heart nearly won.

So when, in our Easter's full glory  
We come to the cross and its story,  
Look up to the Lord, who in symbol  
Hath taught of the splendor beyond,  
The tomb no longer is dismal,  
Flower strewn its fruitions abound ;  
For dull apparitions so hoary  
There gleam, as through portal supernal,  
All comforting visions eternal.



"Lo! from the cross we hear the cry of God's eternal son."

Lo ! from the cross we hear the cry  
Of God's eternal son,  
And gazing on that dying face  
Rejoice the work is done.

Behold the tomb wherein He lies,  
That angel warders keep,  
Who watch beneath the Syrian skies  
The cradle of His sleep.

Thanks be to God most high, that tomb  
Is powerless to resist  
The strength of him, whose bidding can  
The Infinite enlist.

He comes from out the silent house  
And breaks from death away ;  
While heaven and earth take up the cry —  
“ The Lord is risen to-day.”

And may we rise with Thee, O Christ !  
To holy service true,  
In litanies of loving deeds,  
That endless hopes shine through.



## THINE IN LIFE OR DEATH.

My cross, O Lord, is great;  
On Thee, cast down I wait;  
    Saviour, return.

The road is hedged and dark,  
That erst was sunlit park;  
I can no longer mark  
    The way to turn.

My Egypt's bondage past,  
I dreamed my lot was cast  
    In Canaan fair.

Alas! I wake to drink  
Of Marah's cup, and shrink  
From its lugubrious brink  
    In deep despair.

Tall minaret and palm,  
On life's mirage, Hope's psalm  
    No longer sing;  
By Tempter's wiles beguiled,  
And sin's foul touch defiled,  
Yet, Lord, I am Thy child,  
    To Thee I cling.

If it must be, to sit  
And see the world's life flit  
    Beyond my reach,  
While I, like stranded ship,  
Whose bows the waves ne'er dip,  
But ruthless wreckers strip,  
    Roll on the beach :

'Tis well. Thy care divine  
In dire defeat is mine,  
    And Thine this clay;

'Twas fashioned, Lord, by Thee,  
And Thou wilt sculpture me  
'Neath night of Calvary,  
Or Tabor's day.

In life or death, will I  
Expectant, simply lie  
Upon Thy heart.  
So if it be Thy will  
Below to keep me still,  
I wait, to yet fulfill  
This humbler part.

## WHAT THINK YE?

A KINGLY form stands in the midst,  
Yet man of sorrows He;  
For grief His tender heart hath kissed  
And kept him company.

“What think ye of the Christ?” He said.  
What answer will ye make?  
He on the cruel cross hath bled,  
O sinner, for your sake.

What think ye of the Christ, my soul?  
He stands beside thee now:  
“Come unto me, and I will roll  
Sin’s cloud from off thy brow.”

What think ye of the Christ? He cries,  
“Come unto me and live,  
I'll wipe the tear from troubled eyes,  
My peace to thee I give.”

What think ye of the Christ? He stands  
Beside the bier: “Arise!”  
The insensate clay hears His commands,  
And thrills with sweet surprise.

What think ye of the Christ? Behold!  
The deaf and blind and lame  
Rejoice with bliss by tongue untold,  
And spread abroad His fame.

My life, dear Lord, to Thee I'll give  
And know no will but Thine;  
Thou art my king, to Thee I live  
In love and peace divine.

## THE CLOUD AND SCROLL.

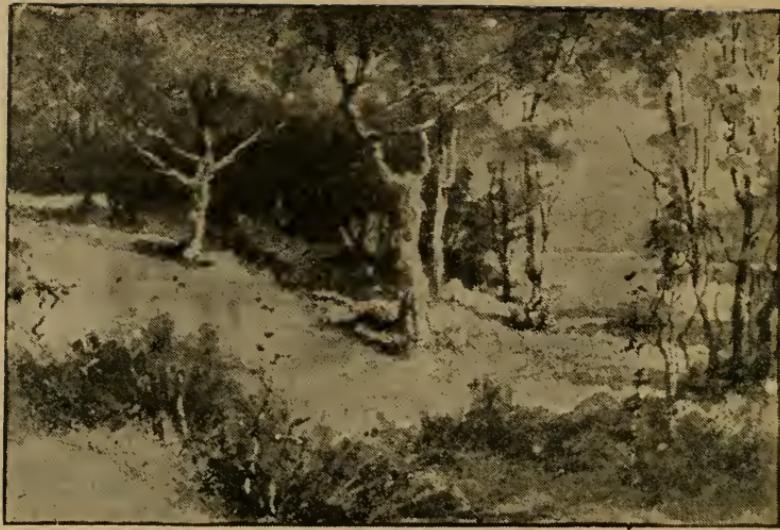
A CLOUD its shadow cast along  
The sunshine of the soul,  
And in the gloom devoid of song,  
The tempter held his scroll

I read of woe beneath the sun,  
In world by blight made sad,  
“God careth naught for man undone—  
To him alike is good and bad.”

Then through the cloud a rift appeared,  
And in the light divine  
Was lifted up the Man endeared  
To all of human kind.

God's love for man, made manifest  
In Christ, absorbed my soul,  
And 'mid that holy vision blest  
Vanished the cloud and scroll.

Above the fear or hope earth yields,  
Beyond the sky and cloud,  
Firm is the throne of Him who wields  
The infinite of God.



## THE TWO VISIONS!

SOME write into our modern lore,  
That lofty Science sees  
Man's good and bad are but, as is,  
The red wine to its lees ;  
And that, forsooth, in certain guise  
The good with evil plays,  
And evil is but very good  
After a growth of days.

That sin is naught but passing rheum  
An undeveloped state,  
To wane before the flower's full bloom,  
For which the ages wait.

When Force and Motion fully sway  
The conduct of our life,  
Then Nature's ethics soon will close  
The door of human strife.

To wail o'er sin, for pardon cry,  
Is relic of an age  
E'er man had learned to wisely scan  
Great Science's open page.  
Iniquity is just a dream,  
Bred of a stomach foul ;  
A body sound and mind as clear  
Needs not the priest nor cowl.

Religion's cry of conscience sere,  
    Of soul by wrong impaired,  
Might do for times when Wisdom weak  
    No word of protest dared ;  
But now she comes with test-tube tall,  
    And heated crucible,  
With instruments both great and small,  
    To tell that all is well.

The microscope, the spectrum clear  
    Reveal each element,  
Whose forces strive for mastery  
    Or are together blent.  
Great Nature tells the only true,  
    Her ethics now invest  
The universal frame of things,  
    And man in her is blest.

This life is all, there is no more ;  
Then drink its ruddy wine,  
And be content with Nature's good,  
And in her sunlight shine.  
There is no more, she hath begot  
Ye creatures of the clod ;  
Now take your fill of love and joy,  
Then rest within her sod.

Scathless of jeer and jibe and taunt,  
The soul from Science turns  
To see God's candle, veiled or bright  
That still within her burns.  
She looks to Him the perfect One,  
With love and tears bends low,  
Clings to His cross with passion such  
As sinners only know.

She feels the taint and sting of wrong,  
    The holy dragged in dust ;  
Looks on the Master's gentle face,  
    And plead for grace she must.  
The Father's pity smiles in Him,  
    Incarnate Son of God,  
Who stooped and weary human feet  
    With sandalled glory shod.

For He has taught that man's divine,  
    And God doth in him dwell,  
The earthly clod is temple vast,  
    And but the outward shell,  
That stands upon the pebbly shore,  
    Beside the soundless sea,  
Whose echoes evermore bespeak  
    Man's immortality.

## THE PERFECT ONE.

“Think that thy least fault belonged to the Redeemer’s character ; couldst thou then love and worship Him ?”

I KNOW that what upon me seems  
The least of stain or fault,  
Would on His face be ugly scar  
Stretched out o’er fleckless vault ;  
As when beside the western gates  
The sun lifts golden spear,  
And sombre cloud by tempest driven  
Veils it with darkness drear.

What if that soul divine with taint  
    Of human fault looked out ;  
Would Judas have foreborne to fling  
    On Him a hateful doubt ?  
And through the ages hurrying down,  
    Would not the mean and low  
Have gloried in that seal of wrong  
    Burned on the Master's brow ?

Eclipsed is glory so divine,  
    My sun indeed grows dim,  
A painful void the universe —  
    I cease to worship Him  
If like myself in sin He is,  
    The Holy One's undone ;  
The light that filled the universe  
    Forever more is gone.

He, who in bonds of brotherhood  
Has linked His fate with mine ;  
Claiming a nature like I wear,  
Yet sinless and divine ;  
And whose all blameless being knew  
In battle no defeat,  
And from the heights of Calvary calls  
The struggling soul to greet —

If He had sin, the ideal's lost,  
Man's hope a figment lean,  
That he one day shall conquer wrong,  
And clothed in truth be seen.  
No Christ, no hope, no light is there,  
Life's mystery grows deep,  
Its riddle no solution finds,  
And well may mortal weep.

No taint of sin is on His brow,  
No cloud can mar its white,  
He offers me the spotless robe  
Of his own lustrous light ;  
His scepter rules with matchless sway  
Through loves immortal scope,  
He plants in yearning human heart  
Perennial flower of hope.

Adore, my heart, the Christ supreme,  
That never yet deferred  
To do the right, as homeward straight  
Flies swift the carrier bird ;  
In Him abides all trust of man,  
One day to reach the best ;  
That love and truth at last shall spread  
Their wings o'er earth's unrest.

## A PSALM OF TRUST.

ALONG the psalmist's music deep  
    No truer counsel does he give  
For those who will his wisdom keep,  
    Than this, "Fret not thyself." They live  
  
In starry sphere of simple trust,  
    Who learn the secret of a life  
So hid in God; nor moth nor rust,  
    Nor mart of trade, forever rife  
  
With tempter's sensuous arts,  
    Invade their peace, nor subtile lore  
Of philosophic depths, and parts  
    Espoused by Science proud and hoar,

With long experience in the things,  
That promise to untwist the yarn,  
Whose tangled web enfolds the wings,  
That droop, as droops o'er mountain tarn

The fern that grows upon its brink,  
Where physical and *psychic* force  
Their mother-instinct seem to link,  
And guard the secret of their source.

“Whence comes,” I cry, “this web of life?”  
Is God but Force and evil King?  
The world a medley of strange strife,  
With naught to which my soul may cling?

Was Pantheist or Deist right?  
The ancient Greek, or Orient?  
Does Spencer see the rayless light  
To be a whim religion meant?”

My soul is sick and sad indeed,  
It has no place on which to rest,  
For anarchy and chaos breed  
These warring elements at best.

Better the Greek's celestial world,  
Each star and leaf and woodsy stream —  
The thunderbolt from zenith hurled —  
A Deity in lustrous dream.

For faith is lost in this hard age,  
When keen scapel and crucible,  
And microscope and Science's page  
Religion's earlier dream dispel.

“The law is grim and matter all,”  
Is argument of physicist;  
And death to him is nature's pall,  
'Neath which the Man entire is missed.

Yet still the heart, with giant hope,  
Will reach beyond this age of doubt,  
And see a holier horoscope,  
For scarecrows of a frantic rout ;

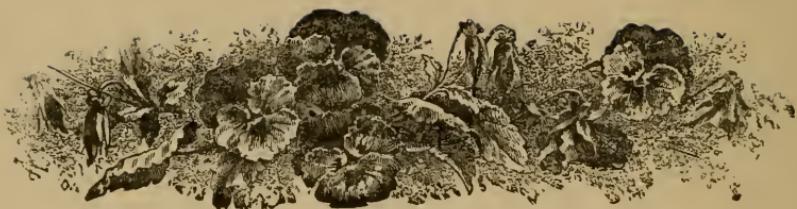
The empty shapes of barren creed,  
That take no form for life and heart,  
Are bloodless for the soul's real need,  
And stern of visage, make one start

And ask the question, "What of good  
Is firmament with Christless star,  
And race bereft of Fatherhood,  
And love driven out, and faith afar ?"

To wisdom of the Word then yield,  
"Fret not thyself," but simply trust ;  
The fervent glow of Faith's bright shield  
Shall thwart the Tempter's venomous thrust.

For God is God, and truth is truth,  
And love hath dower of endless song;  
Thy soul enriched with quenchless youth,  
The victor's crown shall grace ere long.





## THE GOLDEN WEDDING.

THE Golden Wedding's richer far  
Than youthful nuptials ever are ;  
For now within the glass doth shine  
Ripe and clear life's amber wine ;  
For years have tested marriage bliss,  
And weighed the worth of lover's kiss.

To-day you live 'mid smiles and tears,  
The life long lost in vanished years,  
Through vistas grey and purpling sheen  
Arises, breathes, and lives each scene.  
You meet again : the rosy youth,  
And maiden decked with grace and truth.

He sees your smile, an angel's glance ·  
You catch his manly look askance,  
And maiden blushes quickly shrink  
Behind your kalash trimmed with pink ;  
The autumn of your lives, to-day  
Is turned again to dewy May.

The courtship hours revive once more,  
Their mem'ries reach this far off shore,  
Those happy days when love was young,  
Nor has he yet his song all sung.

## SONG.

O silver chimes ! and hours with wings !  
Each moment now a bird that sings  
A symphony of many things.

And each one better than the last,  
That from their swift feet flying fast  
A pearly radiance downward cast.

A flickering flame in dying wick ;  
He wonders why it burns so quick —  
Oh, that he might teach it a trick !

The old clock, too, has fever in it ;  
If only he could woo or win it  
Just there to stop, if but a minute.

Only a look, and then, “Good night !”  
He waits with an unnamed delight,  
To catch her eye and love’s sweet light.

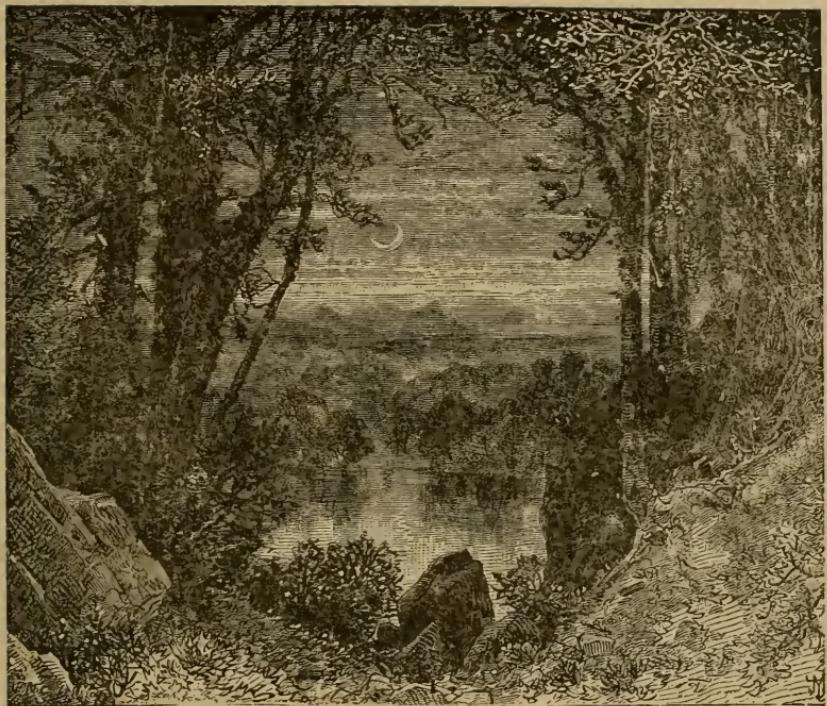
All quiet days at home arise,  
The days of weal, and days of sighs ;  
    The mother's love and father's care  
    Commingle for the children fair.  
And now the heart is full of hope,  
Looking adown life's horoscope,  
    To where in pleasant pastures fed  
    The soul by placid streams is led.

The past is yours, forever blest,  
And on the page of mem'ry pressed ;  
    The present now invites your eyes,  
    And joins the past in splendid guise.

A king and queen ye sit in state,  
While round about your subjects wait ;  
    The children fair and strong and tall,  
    Who hasten at your softest call

In woman's grace and manhood's might,  
And love's devotion their delight ;  
And children's children trooping come,  
To fill with laughter the old home ;  
So rich your love — life's priceless dower,  
That melts the heart beneath its power.

Tho' 'tis October of your days,  
And slowly creeps on evening's haze,  
Yet golden rod and aster still  
Are found upon each sunny hill.  
May peace and quiet reign complete,  
Nor strife of world find your retreat ;  
But conflict done and battle o'er,  
Rest pilgrims on the Western shore ;  
And all your evening tide be bright  
With God's immortal, heavenly light.



And slowly creeps on evening's haze."

## DESPERO!

### I.

SHE sits alone in chamber quaint,  
A missive drops from listless hands.  
Ah, me! why falls she in such faint?  
What power the fount of tears commands?

Dull ashen hues o'erspread a cheek  
Where erst the rose and lily lay;  
It is no whim and sudden pique  
That on her solar sweetness prey.

“I come no more,” he writes, “to you  
Whom carking sorrow claims alway.”  
With cruel stab he breaks her heart,  
And seeks another bosom gay.

## II.

From secret drawer she brings to light  
    The gown in which she was to wed,  
The orange wreath, so fresh and white,  
    And wishes now that she was dead.

They found her there in robes of silk,  
    His message 'neath her finger tips ;  
The orange blossoms lay where ilk  
    Drew peace to worship at her lips.  
.

An eidolon of winsome grace,  
    Death claims his bride ; his soundless sleep  
Now veils her fresh transfigured face.  
    No fear but he his vow will keep.



## DESIDERO TE!

THE moon shines on the sea so vast,  
While keen and cold and white the land  
Reflects her wintry gleam ; and cast  
Long shadows trees, where cliffs command  
The far off shimmering sea,  
So melancholy free.

The frozen earth has no acclaim  
That speaks to me in sympathy ;  
The very stars in darkness' frame  
Look downward now so silently,  
I tremble as I feel  
Immensity's appeal.

From earth so white, from heaven so blue,  
From sea so dark, the mid-night air,  
From wind, whose message's ghostly clew  
Is sad with woe and dull with care,  
Come whispers to my ear  
Whose notes thrill me with fear.

O midnight world, with icy moon,  
And golden lamps in firmament,  
Thou hast a power unfelt at noon ;



“Must I launch out alone across  
A sea so wild, and weird, and wide?”

Thy magic calls each lineament  
Of dusky shape t' assail  
The quivering spirit frail.

Must I launch out alone across  
A sea so wild, and weird, and wide ?  
Preposterous dream, secure from loss,  
To reach alone those orbs that ride  
Perpetually serene,  
In peace by earth unseen.

A little speck, a ray of light,  
Whose glimmer smites the eye so faint ;  
A candle, wind may put to flight,  
So I myself may truly paint :  
I shrink from Powers that fling  
Their curse on mortal's wing.

Somehow, I feel but cannot tell  
How from above, across the sea,  
As long ago to those befell  
Who struggled hard on Gallilee,  
There comes a heavenly form  
Rising athwart the storm.

O Shepherd, Friend, upward to Thee  
I stretch my hands. With comfort greet  
The panting soul, that yearns to be,  
Within the covert warm and sweet.  
Where my transfigured face  
Shall catch Thy shining grace.

Instead of spectral Guest, that comes  
To haunt this tenement of clay  
Before his time, whose touch benumbs

The carols soft of Thought's essay  
With tightening grip of vice,  
Whose touch is Arctic ice.

Oh, hasten, Stranger, yet well known,  
From ivory palace, tall and fair,  
Thy vestments sweet with perfumes blown  
From chalices, that downward bear  
Their draughts of healing, filled  
With nectar Love distilled.

Was Ninus great, or Sushan old ?  
Or wonders wrought in Ecbatan,  
Where monarch's wealth of gems and gold  
Sufficed for suprahuman plan ?  
Where sweeps Thy garment's hem,  
Is might surpassing them.

Thou art a friend so close, so dear !

“Be not afraid,” Thy voice declares ;

“Come unto me,” again I hear

While silent joy my spirit shares,

Assured of sympathy

From Thy Humanity.

### THE THREE SHIPS.

THREE ships went out from Marblehead  
With their merry skippers three,  
And as fine a crew of Yankee lads,  
As ever put out to sea.

And wives and sweethearts fair and dear,  
And children ruddy and brown,  
Abode at home beside the sea,  
In the quaint and silent town.

Oh, what's the news of the Mary Jane ?  
And what of the Flying Bird ?  
And who from the stately Albatross  
Afar on the banks has heard ?

For on the rocks of Marblehead,  
And from the glittering sand,  
The wives and mothers watch the sea,  
And news of the ships demand.

A hurricane has blown all night,  
And the sea has sobbed all day,  
A spectre loomed with ominous sight  
On clouds in the morning gray.

Alack ! for those who sail the sea ;  
And alack ! for those who wait  
To greet the fishers bold and free,  
Who ride on the ocean great.

No word comes back from out the deep  
No trace of the fishers three ;  
The sea and storm their secret keep  
'Neath lips sealed in mystery.

And wives will wait and sweethearts moan,  
And the heart with grief will break,  
For radiant hopes forever flown  
From the eyes that nightly wake.



## THANKSGIVING!

On bleak New England's rugged shore,  
Two centuries ago, and more,  
The Pilgrim fathers cleared the lands,  
And fought the savage Indian-bands.  
The days of toil, the nights of fear,  
The scanty crops, and little cheer  
That rocky stump-strewn soil would yield  
In orchard, garden-patch, or field ;  
The incessant fight with tomahawk,  
Alternating with council-talk ;

The scalping fiend's midnight assault ;  
Terrors that strange diseases brought —  
All these conspired with bitter smart  
To sere with red-hot iron the heart.

With wistful glance to things of yore  
They turned to Albion's peaceful shore,  
Where plenty smiled on vale and hill ;  
Sparkled with joy each singing rill ;  
Their persecutions all forgot  
'Mid pressure of their present lot.  
As is the way with human kind,  
'Twas easy for them then to find  
Good cause for their lugubrious wail ;  
For when did mortal ever fail  
To feel the present bother worst  
That ever from the skies did burst ?

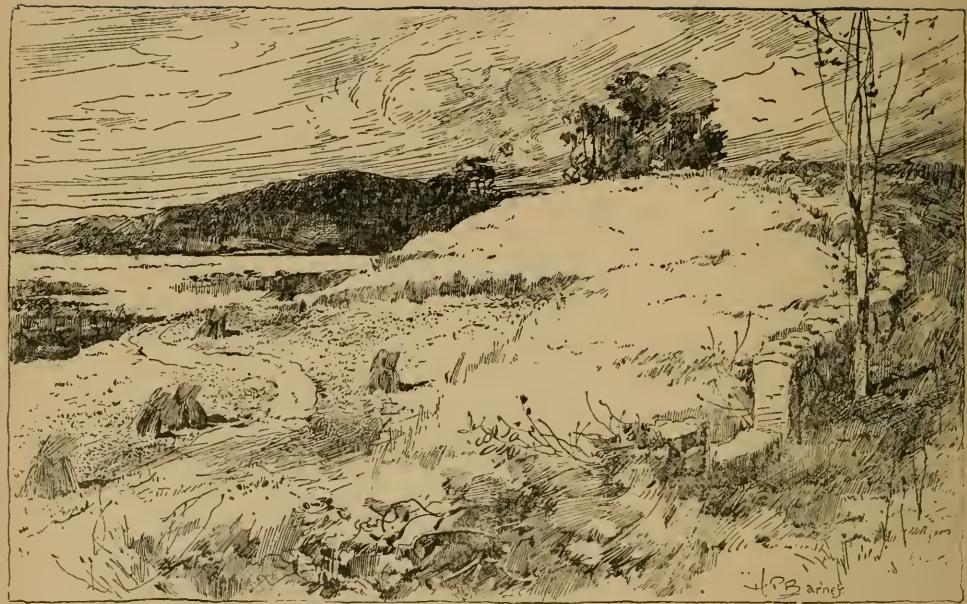
Malignant nature's potpourri,  
The worst hodge-podge we e'er did see?  
We're all just sure, each rainy season  
Is quite beyond all sense or reason.

So these New England farmers old,  
In their complaints were loud and bold,  
And being men of pious frame,  
They looked whence good or evil came;  
Though not blasphemous in assault,  
They raised their cries to heaven, and sought  
To mitigate the present woe  
By prayers and tears, and worship low.

They held that if they made due charge  
On sin, as cause of woes so large,

The Lord would lift their burdens great,  
And bring them to some better state.  
They'd days of fast and days of prayer,  
And days for groans and dirges rare ;  
In fact, they grew proficient quite,  
And in lament conceived delight —  
Some folks would call it grumbling, too,  
But softer name, just now will do ;  
Each mole-hill raised to mountain tall,  
Troubles grew great instead of small.  
Thus they forgot the good Book's rule,  
Those precepts taught in church and school —  
“ In everything give thanks ; adore,  
And praise the Lord forevermore.”

'Twas in the autumn of the year,  
When nature brings her richest cheer ;



“When nature brings her richest cheer.”

Each hill-top is an ori-flame,  
Whose irridescent hues proclaim  
The triumph of great Ceres' host  
O'er famine's cry, and hunger's boast.  
The apples in the orchard blush,  
Or yield their life, where presses crush  
The amber juice in cider-mill,  
The winter evening's cup to fill ;  
The golden pumpkin waits without  
And various plenty lies about.

Though on this year, of which I write,  
The prospects were not over-bright,  
And quick to seize a cause of woe,  
Both Puritan and Pilgrim go  
To where the meeting-house so plain  
Rebukes the frivolous and vain.

*Thanksgiving.*

Assembled there, they counsel took,  
What's best to do by hook or crook.

An ancient Deacon rose and said :

“ From Egypt’s bondage we have fled,  
And from the depths, in piteous plight,  
Our tears our meat both day and night,  
We cry unto the Lord of hosts,  
Woe be to him who vainly boasts ;  
For sins that Adam did long since  
His lash descends, nor must we wince.

Bad creatures, too, we all have been ;

The exceeding sinfulness of sin,

Declared in lives so living vile,

No more the Lord will on us smile.

Proclaim a Fast, in ashes sit,

Perchance, the cloud may from us flit ;

As Nineveh of old He spared—  
And we to her may be compared—  
To us, repentant, He may yield,  
And sword of vengeance kindly shield."

Another cried—"Let us return,  
This dismal land forever spurn,  
Our mother-earth we'll leave no more  
If once we see her blessed shore."

Still other rose—a farmer plain,  
Nor were his words that day in vain.  
"You've wearied Heaven with plaint and sigh,  
And looked at naught but troubles nigh;  
By moping on the weak and sick  
You've grown to their condition quick;  
Your minds are full of all that's bad,

Your words are querulous and sad ;  
Both nerve and muscle lose their grip,  
As early frosts the young fruits nip,  
So chilled the ardor of the soul,  
Its aspirations reach no goal.  
You say, 'Come, Fast,' or call retreat,  
And own to all a fell defeat.  
Why, Men, arise and look around  
And lend the ear to gladder sound.  
'Tis true life has its sombre side  
Here in these trackless forests wide,  
But think of what we here enjoy,  
Blessings that come without alloy —  
How sweet the air, abundant wood,  
Rivers that teem with luscious food.  
The seas bring treasures on each tide,  
There's game in forest aisles beside,

And quite beyond all earthly pelf,  
The body's weal, conceit of self —

Untrammelled by the rule of king,  
Free as the air our Spirit's wing ;  
Religious liberty we own,  
And civil state whose corner-stone  
Is laid in truth and freedom's might —  
Sure, here's enough to give delight,  
To fill each heart with nerve and grit,  
Empty of grumblings every whit ;  
So I propose, instead of Fast,  
Thanksgiving for our mercies passed ;  
For present good, His love adore,  
Who sends us such abiding store.  
Let's talk upon the cheer of life,  
And praise the Lord for blessings rife.

Thanksgiving Day we'll keep with praise,  
Our anthems to the welkin raise."

This Saxon speech of home-spun sense  
Pleased all ; and fraught with consequence  
The day began with thanks and psalm,  
And fell on men like holy calm !  
A festival of sweet delight,  
That life and home made inly bright.  
From then till now each passing year  
Has brought its wealth of wholesome cheer  
A day when church and hearth have known  
The absence of despairing groan.  
On lofty themes, the mind intent  
Recounts the mercies God has sent ;  
A day of joy to great and small,  
Of gleesome romp in cot and hall ;

When scattered families gaily come  
To celebrate the day at home ;  
When turkeys roast, and cooks are spry  
To spread the board with dainties high :  
Cranberry sauce, and apple tart,  
Done just to suit the childish heart ;  
Puddings and pies, in gracious store,  
Nuts, grapes, and sweets from foreign shore —  
A feast of gladness, flow of soul,  
For mercies ripe, and love untold.

To us has come this heritage  
So rich, from an historic age ;  
Then as in genuflections true  
We bow 'neath Heaven's cerulean hue,  
Or lifting psalmody on high,  
Jehovah praise for blessings nigh.

For autumn's harvest now complete,  
The year's fresh miracle, for wheat,  
And corn, the orchard's boon, and store  
Of higher blessings, prized the more ;  
Domestic bliss, and civic peace,  
Let this Thanksgiving Day increase  
Brotherly love for all our kind,  
And prompt to sympathy refined.

The ingenuous soul will gladly give,  
And see *its* joys in others live,  
Who with his dole, shall lend himself  
To brother's need, shall find his pelf  
Will effloresce to flower divine,  
Whose petals with love's features shine ;  
And life is worth the living then,  
When charity links men to men ;

Their orisons His will reflect,  
They live to Him, on earth elect,  
When canticles for holy days  
**A**re love-born songs down Virtue's ways.

## HARVARD CHIMES!

AGAIN on Chelsea bridge I stroll,  
And hear the bells that sweetly roll  
Where murmuring the river flows,  
As bright with stars, the evening glows,

Far, far away ! To-night I dream  
That o'er the sluggish tide-swept stream,  
I hear from Harvard's lofty tower  
The silver chimes ring out the hour.

Again the bridge, the stars, each light,  
The stream that mirrors all the night,  
I see, and feel the mystic spell  
That falleth soft from chanting bell.

O, boon of recollection sweet !  
I hear those charming bells replete  
With dulcet tones, as long ago  
I heard them from the bridge below.

O, mem'ry prized as gem serene !  
Uprises now that pleasant scene ;  
Those golden bells are pealing there,  
An angelus on evening air —

Those evening bells that slowly float,  
Those charming bells whose every note  
Above the placid river lies,  
A message fresh from paradise.

## THERE'S PLENTY TO DO!

THERE's plenty to do, there's plenty to do,  
For him who will lend a hand ;  
And yet there are, who never seem  
To be in the least demand.

They've plenty of time to dig and delve  
In the field of human need ;  
But not a stroke of work they do,  
Or pull up a single weed.

Of time they have so big a load  
They groan with a fierce intent,  
And in both word and deed 'tis plain  
On murder foul they are bent.

There's plenty to do, yes, plenty to do,  
And time enough for all ;  
If the lazy folk would only heed  
Humanity's urgent call,

And lend a hand to help the world  
On its upward way to roll,  
The evil powers would take to flight  
And the good soon gain control.

Then lend a hand to human need  
And its woes eliminate,  
The day of peace for all the race  
In its march accelerate.

PROCESSIONAL HYMN.

LET every creature rise and bring  
Adoring praises to our king,  
Who on the first glad Easter bright  
Arose upon the wings of light.

Loud alleluiahs joyful raise  
To our Redeemer's glorious praise,  
Whose name earth sounds from sea to sea,  
And heaven rolls on eternally.

Your heads lift up, ye pearly gates,  
The Lord of light and life now waits.  
The King of glory shall come in,  
Victor o'er woe, and death, and sin.

## CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR HYMN.

O JESUS, King, to whom we look,  
Thy love on Calvary,  
Reflected in our hearts, inspires  
Fresh loyalty to Thee.

Thy holy cross upborne we see,  
Through ages sounds its note;  
O Lamb of God, we march where'er  
Thy blood-stained banners float.

To Thee, O Christ, allegiance be,  
And to Thy truth divine;  
Each to the other now we cry,  
And lift Thy bright ensign.

“Arise with armor girded on  
Against embattled foes,  
Where duty points or danger calls,  
The strength of Christ oppose.

“Endeavor now to loyal be,  
'Mid battle's din to stand,  
One thought supreme — our Master's will,  
And duty's firm demand.”

Dear Saviour, soon, the conflict o'er,  
We'll lay our trophies down  
At Thy blest feet; and from Thy hand  
Receive the victor's crown.

### DEDICATORY HYMN.

O THOU ! whose own vast temple high  
Spreads out o'er earth and sea and sky,  
Look down on us, O Love Divine !  
A blessing breathe on lowly shrine.

We dedicate this house, and raise  
To Thee a hymn of grateful praise.  
O mighty Spirit ! Come, we pray,  
And ever with Thy people stay.

Let sinners cry for pardon here,  
The saints in Christly robes appear.  
And may these walls re-echo long,  
To Gospel call and holy song.

Give all the benediction sweet  
Prepared for souls at Jesus' feet ;  
And may this be a house of prayer,  
Where Faith's bright lamp shall banish care.

With Calvary's message manifold,  
From crimson cross forever told,  
Let here descend the Holy Three,  
To kindle faith, hope, charity.

While that dear Cross is lifted high  
To catch the wandering sinner's eye,  
May evermore the altar fire  
Of pure devotion hearts inspire.

Lift up the shining of Thy face,  
Give peace to all and pardoning grace,  
That, when no more in earthly fold,  
Our feet may tread the streets of gold.



## HERE AND THERE.

FULL many stately ships I've sent  
A sailing down the bay,  
Those argosies rich laden,  
With expectations gay.  
Some have gone out at early morn.  
And some in full orbed noon ;  
To some I've given a parting shout  
Beneath the light of moon

Yes, many, many ships have thus  
Gone sailing down the bay,  
With choice and precious cargoes  
To ports far, far away.  
In dreams each night I've seen them,  
Come back to me again,  
And leaped my heart with gladness keen,  
As I have seen them then.

Stately and tall, with all sails set,  
They've swept across the bar,  
In the golden light of morning  
Have loomed for me afar.  
As downward to the anchorage  
I've hastened with swift feet,  
My neighbors one and all have come  
With smiles my face to greet.

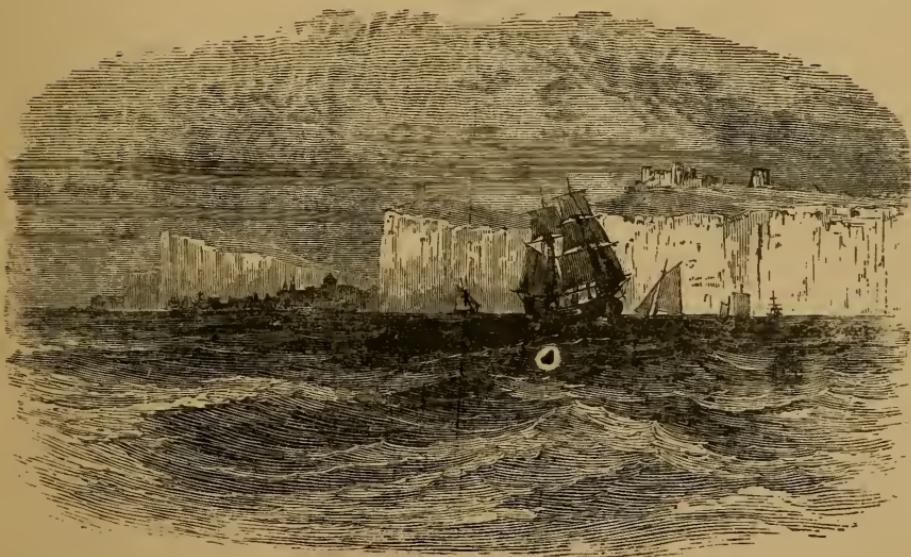
“I told you so,” each said ; “I knew  
Your ships would come some day”—  
But somehow I remembered these  
Had talked the other way.  
But pleasant ’twas to see those ships,  
And have such recognition,  
That I forebore indifference  
And decorous precision.

But the anchor never made the sea,  
With sudden plunge to quake,  
With disappointment I awoke  
And sense of deep heartache.  
And long years now I’ve ceased to hope  
Those argosies would ride  
The waters of the bay, or looked  
For their return with pride.

Some of those ships went down in storms,  
    Some steered upon the rocks,  
Some breakers beat to pieces there  
    With their terrific shocks.  
Some I expect to see once more,  
    But not upon the bay ;  
Will they my vision ever greet  
    In spring or summer day.

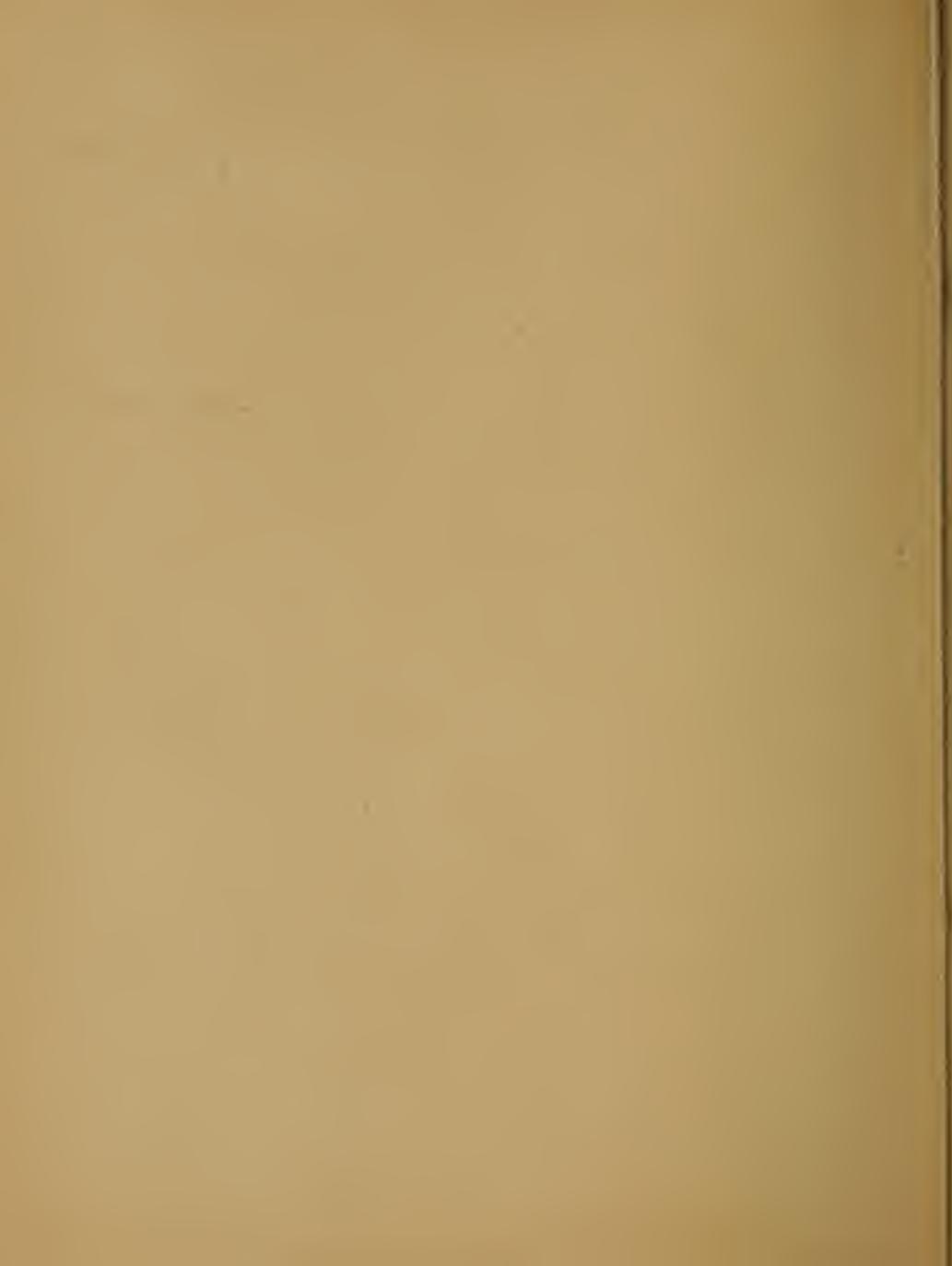
But soon on wings invisible  
    My soul shall take its flight,  
And stand in rapturous blessedness  
    Beyond the reach of night ;  
And sheltered safely there, I know,  
    Beneath those towers sublime,  
Where fretted palm their shadows cool  
    Cast in that perfect clime.

Within the harbor, waiting, close  
Beside Life's crystal stream,  
Those stately ships my soul shall greet  
With freight beyond earth's dream.  
And then, in peace and rest secure,  
My heart shall count its store,  
And think not of the failures here  
In th' gladness of that shore.











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